



SWEET CAPORAL
Cigarettes

Kinney Bros

SWEET CAPORAL

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

SAVE THE POKER HANDS

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

Lancet

While the fabric turns to dust at the touch, the tell-tale buttons bearing the insignia of the American eagle remain as proof of their origin.

Time would have preserved intact the mortal remains of these warriors of other days, but the Trader rats, in their insistent search for novelties, have removed many of the smaller bones and objects of interest, replacing them with sticks and pebbles by way of compensation for their pilfering.

Nor is this all bearing on the past history of Writing-on-Stone, for petrified wood is everywhere, and deep in the river banks and among the deposits of gravel and loess the now-brittle scales of some prehistoric reptile await the delving of the collector.

But I write of twenty-five years ago. During the interim no perceptible change has affected the towering cliffs, nor has time effaced the colorful pictorial messages left by passing Indians on the face of the canyon walls. The marks and scars of civilization have, however, left their record. The Indian remains are gone, removed by curiosity hunters from the surrounding settlement. The once clean white buildings of the Police Detachment stand disreputably amongst a litter of barnyard refuse. The huge rock of sandstone on the plains above, instead of remaining a memorial to those who inscribed their names thereon, is desecrated with the inane scribblings of picknickers who leave as mementoes of their visits the garbage of outdoor feasts and revelry. The antelope have been blotted out of existence, the Mule deer now inhabit the solitudes of the Sweet Grass Hills, and the beavers have gone the way of all fur. Even the Trader rat has departed in disgust.